Daily Eagle

CAGED AND UNCAGED.

A linnet sings soft lays of love
In a forest vast and cool and dim
  As his music rings through the woodlawn ways,
Wild flowers, listening, smile his praise;
The brooklet is applauding him.

The bird is caught, the bird is caged;
His voice is hushed, his song grows mute.
  Behind his gilded prison bars
  He pines for the forest, the daisies, the stars,
And the stream's low murmuring lute.

* * * * * *

A linnet sings soft lays of love,
In a painted cage, 'mid odors sweet.
  He ne'er has known another home,
  Ne'er spread his wings 'neath the sky's blue dome,
Nor pressed dark grass 'neath his tiny feet.

The cage is gilded, the birdling freed;
Stilled are his tones, lost are his lays.
  Amidst the woods, beneath the stars,
  He pines for his gilded prison bars,
And the children's words of praise.

—Leon Bronleigh.

HE WASN'T FITTEN.

The next afternoon I reached Porter's place, so called, though there was only a single cabin and a rough shed for the mule. I happened in at an unfortunate moment. A girl about 14 years of age saw me coming up the trail, and she came down a bit to meet me. She was a veritable elfin in look, barcheaded, barefooted, ragged and her tangled hair flying around her head. She had a finger in her mouth as she came up, but she took it out to say:

"Cribbins to you, stranger."

"And cribbins to you, my child."

The term "cribbins" is often used in the place of "Hello!" or "How are you?" The meaning is that you have arrived at a crib or feeding place and are welcome.

"And how are pap and mam?" I asked as we shook hands.

"Mam's dun gone and got mad, and pap's cryin'. Can't you hear her? Mam shouldn't jaw bone pap all the time. Pap does best he kin."

I could hear the shrill tones of a woman's voice as we drew nearer, and when we reached the door I halted in embarrassment, seeing that the family skeleton was out.

"Oh! mam!" called the girl whose name was Mary.

"You shet!" replied the woman, whose back was toward us.

"Oh! mam, but yere's a goer!' (traveler).

The mother came to the door, surveyed me for a moment, and then extended her hand and said:

"Cribbins to you, stranger. Jim, yere's a goer. Come yere and clutch."

A tall, thin, cadaverous looking man came forward, wiped his eyes with a rag, blew his nose several times, and held out his hand and said:

"Gripety to clutch, and cribbins to you, stranger. Pete Farrell was along this morning, and he said you was makin' this way."

"Perhaps I had better go on."

"Oh! shucks!" exclaimed the wife, "you come right in! It's nothin' to speak of, I was dun tellin' Jim what a pore wuthless critter he was."

"Stranger, Jim Porter gins ye cribbins with all his heart," added the man, and we went in.

The situation seemed to strike Mary all in a heap, and after a hearty laugh she said:

"Pears so titterish that he'un caught mam coon killin' dad!"

"You shet!" called the mother; "if I was coon killin' dad he desarved it!"

"I'll leave it to he'un if I do," put in the husband.

"It's this way," explained the girl as she stood up to motion it off, and her face covered with a laugh. "Mam's a great getter (hustler). Dad's a great sitter. We's pore and that makes mam mad, but dad says we's bound to be pore, and so he don't worry."

"That's it, honey," said the woman; "and now, stranger, I want to hev a leetle buzz (talk) with you. I want to tell you all about Jim."

"And I want to tell you all about her," added the husband.

"And I want to tell ye all about the hull passle of 'em!" chuckled Mary in high feather.

The mother jumped for her, but the girl skipped out doors with a shout, and then we prepared for the talk. I gave Jim a cigar, the wife lighted her pipe, and when the smoke got to curling up she began.

"Stranger, we ar' the most shuckless passle in these yere hills, an' he'un is all to blame fur it."

"Now, Polly!" chided the husband.

"Deed ye ar', Jim. We've bin hitched fifteen years. We cum right yere to this very shakedown fifteen years ago, an' yere we ar' today. We did hev a little sunthin' to begin on, but it's all gone now. Stranger, I hevn't got but one towel in this yere cabin, an' that's got a hole into it!"

"Shucks, Polly! Who wants to use towels?"

"We had three new sheets when we cum yere—reglar sheets fur the bed," continued the wife, "but whar' ar' they now? We had four pillar cases, but they's done gone. We had cups and sassers, but ye can't find 'em now. Stranger, look about ye an' see how pore an' downridden we ar'."

"An' it's my fault, of course!" said the husband, beginning to cry.

"That's what I'll always grip by (stick to), Jim. If you was a gitter we'd bin rich folks afore this."

"Shucks, Polly!"

"Oh! it ain't no use of hetchin' (scoffing), Jim. If it wasn't for me an' the gal you'd starve to death. You began to sot almost as soon as we got spliced, an' you've got wuss every year. I tell ye, stranger, it keeps me clean beat. Other folks git along and go ahead, but wo'uns goes down hill every day. We hain't got nuthin', an' we can't git nuthin', an' the Lord doan' keer no mo' about us than so many onery skunks!"

With that she burst out crying and Jim wept the harder, and Mary looked in at the door and seriously observed:

"Stranger, ye want to talk to pap powerful sassy. He's tryin' to be fitten, an' everybody knows he never will be fitten."

"That's what ails him," said the wife as she choked back her tears.

"What's he trying to be fitten for?" I asked.

"To spread the gospil, stranger. He's got his nose in that ar' Bible all day long. He wants to be fitten to preach, but he never kin be. If he wouldn't try to be fitten he'd go to work and airn sunthin'."

"Why can't I be fitten?" asked Jim. "Wasn't Moses, St. John and Paul fitten?"

"Yes, but they wasn't pore, ignorant squatters, an' you know it. They had calls."

"An' haven't I got a call? Didn't I hear a voice in my dreams a-sayin': 'Jim Porter,

Rapidly Firing Artillery.

On the occasion of a lecture delivered at Aldershot by Col. Brackenbury on the subject of field artillery, Lord Wolseley is stated to have remarked that rapidly firing artillery engines would play a great role in the future. He had been informed by an inventor that a cannon could be contrived which at a distance of 4,000 yards would literally deluge the enemy with leaden shot.—New York Post.

LIGHTS OUT.

The sentry challenged at the open gate
Who passed him by, because the hour was late;
  "Halt! Who goes there?" "A friend." "All's well."
  "A friend, old chap!"—a friend's farewell,
  And I had passed the gate.
And then the long, last notes were shed,
The echoing call's last notes were dead,
And sounded sadly, as I stood without,
Those last sad notes of all: Lights Out!
  Lights Out!

Farewell, companions! We have side by side
Watched history's lengthened shadows past us glide;
  And worn the scarlet, laughed at, paid,
  And buried comrades lowly laid,
  And toil and hardship have we known,
And followed where the flag had gone.
But all the echoes answering round about
Have bidden you to sleep: Lights Out!
  Lights Out!

And never more for me shall red fire flash
From bright revolvers—Oh, the crumbling ash
  Of life is hope's fruition. Fall
  The withered friendships: and they all
  Are sleeping! Fast away,
The fabrics of our lives decay,
The robes of night about me lay.
And the air whispered as I stood without
Those last sad notes of all: Lights out!
  Lights Out!
—The Week.

The Doctor and His Patient.

Some cynical Frenchman once remarked that the greater the quack the greater the doctor. I had occasion last week to look in on a physician of the first professional and social prominence. He was busy at the moment of my arrival, and I was left in the reception room alone in the company of a fine, big, handsome man, with the appearance of a well to do mechanic of the best class. We fell into a chat, in the course of which he told me that he was a foreman in an iron works in Jersey City, and that the doctor was treating him for a serious organic disturbance, at special rates in view of the fact that his salary was a moderate one—only $30 a week. Presently my new acquaintance went into the private office and had his audience. After he had gone the doctor remarked to me, in a voice of mystery:

"Very interesting case, that."

"Indeed!" I replied.

"Vastly so," said the doctor. "Most serious disturbance, but I think I have mastered it. Had to do my best. Don't get such a patient as that every day. He's the biggest iron manufacturer in the state of New Jersey, and pays me a tremendous fee."—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

The Barkeeper's Gratitude.

"That dog, sir," said the barkeeper, with emotion, "saved my life."

"How?"

"You remember when Grizzly Pete and Montana Jim had that little scrap last summer?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was standing right behind this counter. The dog bit me on the leg, I stooped down to paralyze him, and a bullet from Pete's pistol broke the mirror right behind where I had stood. If I had been standing up at the time it would have gone through me."

"It was a lucky bite."

"That's what it was. I can feel it now, though, every time it's going to rain, and it's going to rain in less than twenty-four hours, darn him!" said the barkeeper, with sudden indignation, as he kicked the animal clear up over the bar.—Chicago Tribune.

Lady Riders in Honduras.

In Honduras every lady has her own saddle mule. She rides with grace and ease acquired by constant practice from early childhood. She sits on the right side of the mule—the Central American side saddle being constructed the opposite to those used in the United States. The right foot is placed in the stirrup and a tiny but effective silver spur is worn on the heel. The right hand holds the bridle and the left usually carries a sun umbrella. A whip is seldom needed with the spur, although a few ladies who have been in New York have adopted the whip and discarded the umbrella. A wide brimmed hat is indispensable, and the riding habit is of gray linen or some small check fancy in cotton.—Cor. Home Journal

DAYS.

Ah, there are days when all my dreams of youth
  Seem wan as death, like flowers of early spring
  Nipped by an icy frost in blossoming;
When grace and beauty seem deformed, uncouth,
And love unlovely as a night of ruth;
  When the faint songs that I have lived to sing
  Sound hollow as the cold and cheerless ring
Of mockery on the golden shrine of truth.

Yet such days pass, these leaden hearted days,
  And others follow that are like sweet strains
  Heard in the joyous, fragrant summer air.
Then life is precious, and its devious ways
  Flow like green meadows after tender rains,
  And the soul leaps to find the world so fair.
—George Edgar Montgomery.

The Rank of Generals.

The conferring of the rank of general upon officers of the army is a distinguished honor that has fallen upon only four officers since the foundation of the government—Washington, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. The grade of lieutenant general for the commander of the army was authorized by act of congress on May 28, 1798, and on July 3 following Washington was appointed to the office. He held it until March 3, 1799, when he became general, the grade of lieutenant general being abolished.

On March 29, 1847, Maj. Gen. Scott was made a brevet lieutenant general by act of congress, but the actual grade was not revived until Feb. 29, 1864. Two days later Maj. Gen. Grant was appointed lieutenant general, and he held the position until July 25, 1866, when he became general, the grade having been revived for his benefit. On the day he was inaugurated as president, March 4, 1869, he nominated Sherman and Sheridan for general and lieutenant general respectively, and these officers have held these respective ranks since that date. With Sheridan's promotion to the grade of general, the rank of lieutenant general becomes a thing of the past, although it is proposed to revive it, so that the commandant of the army, after Gen. Sheridan's death or retirement, may be above the grade of major general.—New York Tribune.

Ignorance of an Englishman.

The following story was told by a clergyman, as being part of a conversation held by him with an Englishman to whom he pointed out Gen. Grant's residence in New York. The Englishman asked, "What name?" and seeming to obtain no further light, the clergyman repeated it to him and said: "Of course you have heard of Gen. Grant. He was our president for eight years ending in 1877."

"Ah!" remarked the Englishman, still with no evidence of recalling a fact previously known.

"Then, too," proceeded the clergyman, "he was a great general and was in command of a million of men at the close of the war. You remember our late war, of course!"

"Well, no," was the answer. "Beg pardon, but I have just arrived in the country and was so long at sea that I have not heard the latest news. I was at sea sixteen days, really."—Chicago Journal.

Work for Ben the Giant Killer.

Early risers in Washington who turn their ears toward Red Top can distinctly hear Mr. Cleveland caroling his morning hymn. They can even distinguish these words of the refrain as they roll and recho with ominous emphasis:

Fe fi, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he live, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread
If I catch him fishing in my fish pond.
—Indianapolis Journal.

CHAPTER ON DEAFNESS.

THE EAR A MOST INTRICATE AND WONDERFUL STRUCTURE.

Throat Deafness and Its Treatment. Other Varieties of Complaint—Singing in the Ears—The Deaf Colonel—An English Physician's Suggestions.

It would take a much longer paper than I have space to write to describe the anatomy of the ear and the pathology of the different kinds of deafness. It is a most intricate structure, fearfully and wonderfully made, and consisting of tubes external and internal, a drum, muscles, nerves and bones of its own, all lying inside one of the hardest and strongest bones of the human body. This latter was specially designed by nature to shield it from blows. It is supplied with air by a long tube called the eustachian, opening into the back part of the throat.

This tube I mention specially to account for the fact of people becoming deaf through bad colds or swelling of the tonsils. Observe that the ear must be supplied with air, or hearing becomes an impossibility. You hear this air crackling in the ear when you go through the process of swallowing the saliva. Well, if it is closed by the products of inflammation, or if it be shut up as to its mouth by the pressure of a swollen tonsil, it is obvious enough partial or complete deafness will be the result for the time being.

This is sometimes called throat deafness, and, like every other form of the complaint, requires special treatment. It is, perhaps, one of the commonest, if not the commonest kind. If caused by the pressure of the tonsils it is merely mechanical, and the remedy is removal of the cause. When, however, it is caused by the extension of inflammation of mucous membrane during a cold, it may or may not depart with the cold. It would then have to be seen to surgically, and the passing of a catheter might be necessary, a simple but delicate operation which only a professional man could be trusted to perform.

VARIOUS KINDS OF DEAFNESS.

Another very common species of deafness is that caused by obstruction of the external tube of the ear with tax, which may be dissolved out or syringed out by a practiced hand, when the cure would be complete. If the drum of the ear be eaten through by ulceration, no permanent cure is of course to be expected, but a visit to a clever aurist may send the patient home rejoicing nevertheless. There are inflammations of various other portions of the ear which I need not mention, all of which cause deafness. There is also a kind of deafness caused by paralysis of the nerves which carry the impression to the brain from the ear.

Many forms of the complaint are accompanied, especially at the outset, by disagreeable noises in the organ, or apparently in that part of the brain adjoining. It is as if one were actually listening to the rush of the blood through the vessels of the brain. I am not sure that it is not so, and that one cannot even judge of the state of his circulation by these sounds alone. Both this same singing in the ears may occur in those who are not deaf, and if it continues long it is well to consult your physician, especially if you be fat and plethoric, for it may be an early symptom of apoplexy, or what is called "a stroke."

We often hear one friend say to another: "You're very deaf today," and perhaps the reply is: "Well, I am a bit deaf today; I vary with the weather." This is a species of deafness common in the nervous, and really arises from debility, consequent perhaps upon some temporary derangement of the digestive organs. People subject thereto should live carefully and abstemiously. They should try to live so as to be independent of the use of drugs.

HEARING IMPROVED BY NOISE.

I have heard it said that the deaf hear better when any noise is going on, probably because then other people are talking loudest. I really believe that is the true reason. But my grandfather used to relate an instance of the deaf colonel of a regiment who was so convinced of the truth of this opinion that whenever he had to converse on parade with any of his men or officers, he used to have the drummer to beat up close alongside.

There is one affection of the ear which is of a very disagreeable kind, and which I must mention while I think of it—running from the ear. If the exuding matter were non-offensive it would be bad enough, but from being mingled, I suppose, with the secretion of wax it is fetid. The most simple form is that occurring in children of a strumous diathesis, where it proceeds simply from the outer canal of the ear. It is not then dangerous in itself, and is remediable by great attention to health and injections of an astringent and disinfectant nature applied by means of a little syringe.

And now what have I to say about the treatment of deafness? Very little, I fear. Were I talking to students it would be different, but the ear is such a delicate organ that in nine cases out of ten meddlesome domestic surgery makes matters worse. Each case must be treated on its own merits, and the sooner the better—simple cases by your own medical adviser, the more difficult by those men who make the ear a specialty.

But as prevention is better than cure, I may mention that no one should expose his ears to draughts, especially blizzards; that the less interference with the ear at all times the better; for example, picking the ear, or poking pins or penholders in it, does not conduce to contemplation; that wearing cotton or wool in the ears is a stupid and dangerous practice, and more likely to induce cold than prevent it; that scrubbing the ear out in the morning with the corner of the towel is bad practice; and finally, that boxing a child on the ear may lead to permanent deafness.—Family Doctor in Cassell's Magazine.

Charles Reade's Literary Methods.

Charles Reade wrote much and well. He rose at 8 o'clock, took breakfast at 9, and at 10 commenced his literary work, which usually lasted until 3 in the afternoon. He wrote in his drawing room, and when the French windows were closed no sounds from the street could be heard. When once fairly on the way with a novel he worked with rapidity. He wrote with a large pen, with very black ink, on large sheets of drab colored paper. Each sheet was numbered as written and thrown on the floor, which, after a few hours' writing, was completely covered. A maid servant gathered up the manuscript, which, after being put in order, was sent to a copyist, who made, in a round hand, a clear copy. Mr. Reade then went carefully over it, making improvements by omissions and additions.

The revised sheets were once more copied for the printer. He seldom dictated a story, but had not any objection to the company of a friend in his room when busy with his pen. He would sometimes relieve the monotony of his work by watching a game of tennis on his lawn, or the gambols of his tame hares, or the traffic passing in the street, at the bottom of his garden. Mr. Reade did not take any lunch; he dined late and generally finished the day with a visit to the theatre.—William Andrews in Home Journal.

It is estimated that it will take ten years to complete all the many posthumous publications of Victor Hugo.

It Brought Up Very Short, Too.

It is now pretty easy to understand how Grover came to write that somersault message. His party was in a very disagreeable hole. Grover presented what looked like a way out, and they all made a rush for it with the shout that "it was good politics." Like all of Mr. Cleveland's plans, however, it suddenly brought up against a blind wall.—Cleveland Leader.

AN OHIO OUTRAGE.

Democratic Postmasters Stuffing Mail Packages with Campaign Literature.

In our experience as newspaper publishers we have not known of a greater outrage than is now being practiced by Ohio postmasters in the rural towns and villages. The postal laws are very stringent in their provisions, and for violations of the law there are severe penalties. Newspapers are mailed at pound rates, but publishers are prohibited from including anything that does not properly belong to the paper. We are not even permitted to send circulars relating to teh publication of the papers. We may send specimen copies of the paper at pound rates, but that is all. In the face of this law Democratic postmasters at offices of delivery have opened our paper and stuffed it with Democratic campaign documents, and thus delivered it to subscribers, creating the impression, of course, that the document was sent from The Commercial Gazette office. The same liberty has, no doubt, been taken with other publications, but in our case we have the proof. What the postoffice authorities will do in the case we do not know. If we undertake to violate the law as it has been violated in this case, we know what would be and should be done. The authorities are not in ignorance upon this subject. They know what has been done, and it remains to be seen whether they will punish the guilty officials. Meantime we warn our subscribers to be on their guard, and ask them to throw the fraudulent documents in the face of offending postmasters. It should be understood that no document of the kind can be legally included in any newspaper sent through the mails—that it is a violation of law to send anything in a newspaper except the paper itself, unless the postage is paid at transient rates.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Bee and the Sage.

A Bee which was Extracting the Sweets from a Flower found itself Suddenly grasped by a thumb and finger, and it Retaliated by using its Stinger.

"Ah! me, but how ungrateful!" exclaimed the owner of the hand. "Know ye, O Bee, that I am a Sage, and that my Desire was to Discover how you so worthily Contribute to the Comfort of mankind."

"Ah! yes," replied the Bee, "but your great Wisdom should have taught you to pick me up bow first."

MORAL.

If you want to study a Man's characteristics don't begin by Kicking him downstairs.—Detroit Free Press.

A Little Music.

Young Mr. Sissy (who prides himself on his music)—So you would like to hear me sing before I go, would you, Bobby?

Bobby (politely)—Yes, sir; if you would be so kind.

Young Mr. Sissy—Are you particular about what I sing?

Bobby—Yes, sir; I would like to hear some of what sister Clara calls your alleged singing.—The Epoch.

And Poor at That.

A sage who lived before our day remarked that "speech is silver." Could he overhear the small talk of society today his remark would have been modified and his immortal saying would have been, "Speech is nickel, and a very poor quality of nickel at that."—Harper's Bazar.